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## THE VAN ALLEN CASE.

*Abundance of the Charges and Falseness of the Stories Told.*  
From Harper's Weekly.

The appointment of Mr. J. J. Van Allen as Ambassador to Italy has been received with a good deal of adverse, even indignant, criticism. If the principal charge were true not only would the indignation be justified, but the Senate ought to refuse its sanction to the corrupt bargain by rejecting the nomination. The charge is that Mr. Van Allen contributed \$40,000 or \$50,000—the amount is thus variously stated—to the Democratic campaign fund in 1892, in consideration that if Mr. Cleveland were elected he would appoint Mr. Van Allen as Minister to Rome. This is the only serious and credible charge that has been made against the appointee. The other accusations against him do not rise to the dignity of demanding a refutation.

The untruthfulness of the main charge has been shown by Mr. William C. Whitney in a calm and convincing letter to the newspaper which has been most active in spreading it abroad. Mr. Whitney was said to have made the corrupt bargain, but he proves that there was no bargain at all. As for the President, The Weekly is in a position to state that he was ignorant that Mr. Van Allen's "claims" to the appointment rested upon any other basis than his fitness for the place, and that he was the almost, if not quite, unanimous choice of the Democrats of Rhode Island.

Mr. Van Allen is a Harvard graduate and a gentleman of wealth and leisure who has lived in England and Newport. He is devoted to society and sports. Very recently he took an interest in the politics of his native country. His father was a New York merchant, and Mr. Van Allen, himself, married a Miss Astor. His entrance into politics was inspired by his admiration for Mr. Cleveland. Beyond this he preferred the Democratic Party because he did not like the protective tariff. Mr. Van Allen contributed liberally to the Democratic campaign fund, but not as largely as is reported, and not more in proportion to his wealth than many others. Afterward he was asked by Mr. Whitney if he would like to be Minister to Italy. After a long delay, and after Italy had raised its mission to this country to an embassy, Mr. Van Allen was appointed. He was recommended and urged by the Democrats of Rhode Island, who asked for no other diplomatic appointment.

This is the simple story of a matter that has filled the daily press with many and loud outcries, and with much boisterous personal abuse. Unfortunately, diplomatic appointments in the United States are made on partisan grounds. Untried men, without diplomatic training or experience, are sent abroad as representatives of this Government. So inevitable are wholesale changes at the incoming of a new Administration that it has come to be the rule that all Ministers resign on the inauguration of a new President. Mr. Van Allen's appointment is no worse and no better than hundreds of others that excited no comment. The assumption that Mr. Cleveland ratified a corrupt bargain is a baseless slander, from which his official

conduct should have protected him. He appointed a Democratic partisan, whom he found not unworthy, on the recommendation of other Democratic partisans. Whatever odium attaches to the selection rests on the system, not on the President.

## A Church Going-Do.

Shiner Gazette.

There is a dog in Shiner that is deserving of a medal as the most faithful and constant church goer in this vicinity. Extreme old age has begun to whiten his hair and it is easy to see that the old dog is getting in his dotage but time has in no way affected his piety and when the church bell begins to ring he preke up his ears and unles caught will make a bee line for church. Once there he goes into hiding under the house until services begin. As soon as he hears the singing commence he walks solemnly in and takes his stand in the "amen corner" as becoming to his years and gray hairs. If he would be content to remain there it would be all right but he soon gets restless and proceeds to make the round of the church, going up to the pulpit, trying to walk between the preacher's legs and distracting the attention of the whole congregation and making a general nuisance of himself. After this he visits his friends, going from seat to seat, thumping his tail and smiling dog fashion from ear to ear and exceedingly glad to see everybody. Numerous complaints having been made against him by the preachers, his fair mistress has been compelled to tie him up every night before church to keep him at home, as the old fellow has learned to hide out as church time approaches.

## A Railroad Remor.

San Antonio News.

A prominent railroad official is authority for the statement that the Arkansas Pass will soon pass from the control of the Southern Pacific, because of the failure of the latter road to meet its promised payments, according to the agreement entered into by Huntington with the former owners of the Sap. When questioned by a reporter for The News, when the change would take place, the official replied: "Within thirty days, if not sooner. The unprecedented stringency in money matters," he continued, "and the dull times have had a great deal to do with it, as the Southern Pacific is now over two months behind in its pay rolls. The situation is really deplorable, and it is impossible to conjecture what will come next, as everything is in an uncertain and unsettled condition, and will remain so, as long as the United States senate continues to substitute wind for work."

The smallest specimen of horse flesh ever born in New York State is owned by C. B. Bassett. It was born about four weeks ago at the Spring Hill Horse Farm near Walton, which is owned by Mr. Bassett. The animal weighs 33 pounds and is only 2 feet in height. Huckleberry Finn is the sire and the dam is Peggy. Both are good-sized animals. The youngest takes its nutrition in the usual way, and though prematurely born, seems to be healthy and is well formed. Mr. Bassett has named his tiny colt Herd Prince.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

## A PLAIN TALE, THIS.

*But it is Strictly Truthful and Full of Human Nature.*

Don't fool with strange babies. There may be some exceptions to this rule, but ordinarily it is a wise one to follow. Anyhow, that's what a certain fat individual living in this city thinks.

He got into a Fifteenth street car at Girard avenue yesterday, looking as fat men always look, just brimming over with good humor. In a corner of the car a young woman was sitting with a baby on her lap. The baby looked just as happy as the fat man, and laughed and cooed in a way that brought admiring glances from everyone else in the car.

Fatty meant well. His good nature prompted him to help the baby along and make it still happier. So he smiled at it, chuckled under the chin, clapped his hands, made faces and in fact did everything that the average man thinks will make an infant laugh.

Baby took it all in good part for a while and really seemed to enjoy its playmate's antics. Then it branched out. It grabbed his watch chain. Mamma said: "No baby mustn't." But baby must and would. Fatty said all right, and the little one played with the chain for a while. Then it wanted the watch and, failing to get this, it made a grab for Fatty's whiskers. This was more than he bargained for. He changed his seat and look over at baby smilingly and said "Boo!" Baby looked sour. Fatty made a face at it and said "Boo!" once more, at which baby set up a howl, and thereafter pandemonium reigned in that car. The mother looked at the cause of it all with a cold, vacant stare, the passengers gazed at him with intense scorn, and he himself looked sheepishly around for some time, and then, as the howling continued, suddenly got up from his seat as Spring Garden street was reached and left the car.

Don't fool with strange babies.—Philadelphia North American.

Kind Old Gentleman: And that is your brother! He appears to be a very bright little fellow. Boy (proudly): You bet he is! He kin swear like a car-driver. Curse the 'gent, Mickey.—[Puck.]

"This here is a funny head in the paper," said old Mrs. Jason. "It says, 'Woman Who Are Talked About.' Why didn't they just say 'Women,' and save their ink?"—Indianapolis Journal.

## Curious Double Wedding.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 12.—A strange complication of marital relations has been ultimately adjusted. The sequel to the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Macalister, which commenced at Bar Harbor last summer, was furnished yesterday afternoon by the New Jersey court of appeals, which granted a divorce between Mr. Macalister and his wife and was ended last night by the marriage in Baltimore of Mr. Macalister to Miss Olive Wilkinson of that city and the marriage in Paris almost at the same time of Macalister and Mr. Walter Wilkinson, the latter a brother of Mr. Macalister's new wife.

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Macalister went to Bar Harbor where they met the Wilkinsons and where Mr. Macalister immediately became attentive to Miss Wilkinson. Mrs. Macalister, to pay her husband off in his own coin, received Mr. Wilkinson's attentions, with the result that the Macalisters disagreed.

Mrs. Macalister is a beautiful woman, and was formerly Miss Gardiner of New York.

Miss Olive Wilkinson is very young, having only been introduced to Baltimore society about two years ago. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilkinson, who have one of the handsomest houses in Baltimore at No. 1204 North Charles street.

Mr. Wilkinson is a member of all the Baltimore clubs and his family is almost as well known in New York and in this city as at their home.

Mr. Walter Wilkinson has led more cotillions than any young man in Baltimore.

His sister, now Mrs. Macalister, is a tall blonde, and one of Baltimore's beauties.

Directly the decree of divorce was granted yesterday news was at once sent to Mrs. Macalister, who is now in Paris.

Upon receipt of the news Mrs. Macalister and Mr. Wilkinson were married at the hotel Continental. Mr. Wilkinson immediately sent a cable from Paris to his mother in Baltimore, which reached there last night shortly before 9 o'clock, and the marriage between Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Macalister was immediately arranged for. The ceremonies took place last evening at 11 o'clock, the couple being married by the rector of Grace Episcopal church, Rev. Dr. Worth.

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